UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

IT is with regret that we found the second discourse of Mr. Learned too late in the editorial drawer to publish in the place it belongs, as an introduction to the second period of study, *viz.*, the religion of Babylonia. It will appear next week. This period covers only two lessons.

AN orthodox Christian is not always incapable of seeing the spirit of the faith he holds in others of a very different creed. Professor Calvin E. Stowe, in a letter to George Eliot, in 1882, wrote: "Allow me to say that I have always admired the working of your mind; there is about it such a perfect uprightness and uncalculating honesty. I think you are a better Christian without church or theology than most people are with both, though I am, and always have been in the main, a Calvinist of the Jonathan Edwards school."

THE prevailing and harmless use of light wines in some European countries, especially in France, is one of the favorite arguments of the anti-prohibitionist; but a recent writer in the New York *Herald* shows that this use, though not on the decrease in favor of any growth of the temperance principle, is not so harmless as claimed. We are told that light wines are being steadily replaced with those containing a larger per cent of alcohol, that "drunkenness is on the increase among both the French and the Swiss." Cheap methods of distillation and improved means of transportation threaten to make the evil grow worse before it is better. The temperance movement, as such, has never excited much interest in France, but the changing condition of things here described is beginning to attract the attention of thoughtful people, and we may look for the growth of a new sentiment on this question.

PUBLIC sentiment has recently been manifesting itself in our city in a new direction, in which it has long been needed. We refer to the action of the West Side Street Railway Co., induced by the long sufferings of an injured public, in abolishing from the cars the disgraceful nuisance of tobacco-spitting. The authorities, at the time of this writing have not expressed themselves as to the methods they mean to employ to abate this evil, but they have declared their disapproval of it in plain terms and their determination to bring it to an end. The *Evening Post* has taken up the matter and is pushing it vigorously. It is indeed a strange comment on our pretended advanced civilization that an evil of this kind, at once so senseless and so degrading, should have been submitted to so long. We see in this uprising sentiment against tobacco-spitting, the hopeful sign of a growing prejudice against the use of the weed altogether. The man who smokes is not quite as disagreeable as the man whose expectorations of the filthy juice of the weed cover the floor and pollute the atmosphere; but the smoker, too, is doomed, at least his pet vice is, and will in time be relegated to the list of needless and harmful indulgences, that may as well be called sins.

THAT broad-minded and scholarly Universalist, Dr. E. L. Rexford, discusses in the *Universalist Monthly* the possibility of a closer union between his own denomination and Unitarians; being led to the conclusions here uttered by the impressions received at the Weirs grove meeting, where the two sects led alternately in many of the religious exercises. He heard the denominational watchword spoken less often by Unitarians than by Universalists, he writes; among the latter there was "a more pervasive theological *irritation*." The Unitarians seemed less exercised with the teachings of their orthodox adversaries than the Universalists; probably Dr. Rexford, thinks, because the teaching of the latter is never the evangelical standard. "Orthodoxy is a supernatural system," which Unitarianism has rejected wholly, while Universalism follows more slowly in the same direction of "*the natural* in religion." It was not often easy for a stranger to tell which denomination was represented in the utterances of the platform. Dr. Rexford asks why two sects should work in this "*tandem* fashion, when if they were to travel abreast they would present a very comely appearance." He advocated a closer union between the two, at Weirs, and his sentiments were applauded by Unitarians. We are not convinced of the need or merit of a close practical union between two bodies that yet retain essential points of difference in both the process and results of thinking, but we do know that more talk on this subject is needed, that the spirit of unity, if not of union, in the narrower, technical sense, is spreading, and men like Dr. Rexford are doing much to help its growth.

A WRITER in one of our religious exchanges thinks the principle of university extension might be applied to missionary work in the church, especially in the way of building up new societies at points where there is not enough local interest and money to carry on an organized movement. Some arrangement by which the best results of modern religious thought might be brought, *in some systematized form*, to those living remote from the large centers is what he urges. There is no doubt that the words we have purposely italicized above suggest a very plain lack in most missionary work. The little company of thoughtful people in some remote or backward town, who assemble from time to time to listen to the preaching of this or that more or less noted divine from a neighboring city, often get very little substantial food, little direct, systematic instruction in the principles of the new faith they are so anxious to learn; but are too often treated to a display of pulpit eloquence, the preacher's "show" sermon, or worse a poorer one which he thinks better adapted to his rustic congregation. The university extension principle might well be applied to this higher field.

THEODORE STANTON has something to say in a late number of the *Westminster* in a series of articles on Abraham Lincoln, about his religion: "If Lincoln had lived and died an obscure Springfield lawyer and politician, he would unquestionably have been classed by his neighbors among Free-thinkers," says Mr. Stanton. He adds that it is often the policy of the politician "with an elastic conscience" to join some church, but Lincoln was not of this kind, and when he spoke on the subject at all he dealt in platitudes. He gives the testimony of those in a position to be best informed on this subject, which reads as follows: "'We have no purpose of attempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so.'—*Nicolay and Hay.* 'Scientifically regarded he was a realist as opposed to an idealist, a sensationist as opposed to an intuitionist, a materialist as opposed to a spiritualist.'—*William H. Herndon.* 'His only philosophy was what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree.'—*Mrs. Lincoln.* 'He was an avowed and open infidel, and sometimes bordered on atheism.'—*John T. Stuart*, Lincoln's first law partner. 'He had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term—had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects.'—*David Davis.* 'I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christianity. . . . If I was called upon to designate an author whose views most nearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker.'—*Jesse W. Fell*," to whom we are told Lincoln first confided the details of his biography.

The National Conference at Saratoga.

To ride fifteen hundred miles by rail and to attend a four days' Conference with its seven prolonged sessions and numberless committee meetings reaching into midnight between two Sundays, each holding the writing and the delivery of a sermon, with the thermometer ranging most of the time up among the nineties, is a somewhat severe demand upon one's spiritual as well as physical nature, even though such a ride be over the Michigan Central route, with pleasant company, and glorified each way with the rising sun coming out of the ceaseless mist and roar of the majestic Niagara, and the Conference be an Unitarian one and the heat be ameliorated by the sparkling waters of Saratoga. Spite of all drawbacks, while the weariness of the flesh is still upon us, we are glad to be able to report that the Saratoga Conference was in many respects a signal success, and one in which the readers of UNITY and the friends of the cause it represents may well rejoice. In such matters as these, of course the "last Conference" must be a very poor one, indeed, if it is not unanimously voted as "the best one yet!" In point of attendance, social heartiness of the delegates when not in session, the Conference was as much as could be wished for. We think seldom, if ever, has the attendance been larger. There were five hundred and thirty accredited delegates reported from some two hundred and fifty organizations, as we remember the report of the committee. There were probably three times as many non-official delegates. Notwithstanding the depressing weather, and the unattractive town hall in which the meetings were held, where the accoustic principles were wretched, and only the most vociferous were easily heard, the attendance at the sessions was prompt, regular and continuous. The seventh and last session, when everybody must have been very tired, found the room, which had a seating capacity of upwards of fifteen hundred, filled to its utmost limits. If it was not an enthusiastic company it certainly was a patient and an attentive one, which perhaps is better. They came to listen and would have been glad to have heard and done more.

In intellectual power and contributions to current thought and scholarship, the conference was far below most of its predecessors, but this was as the council designed it. They planned for a "working," a "practical" conference, whatever these words may mean. But where thought was expected and scholarship was asked for, they were nobly realized. The essays by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of Washington, on "Marriage and Divorce," and Rev. W. W. Fenn, of Chicago, on "The Bible in Theology" could have been disappointing only in their high excellence and in their conclusions to those who differed from them, and these were doubtless, many. Mr. Wright spoke "as one having authority" on a subject about which most of us ought to keep silence for want of knowledge of the facts

involved. He made a generous plea for liberal divorce laws, and showed how no arbitrary enforcement of an external bond would lessen the agony or reduce the crime of an internal break in that union which it is the province of law to sanction, and so far as it can, to solemnize, but which it can not make. Seldom, if ever, was there heard on the floor of the National Conference such admirable blending of scholarly poise and clearness with popular power and eloquent directness as was found in the admirable paper of Mr. Fenn. This paper should speedily pass into the tract lists either of the East or West.

The conference was also highly favored in its preacher. The opening sermon was given by Rev. Richard Armstrong, of Liverpool, an Englishman with a face which bespoke a son of the light, a voice almost maternal in its gentleness and tenderness, and with matter so American that it was as hard for us, as he said it was for him, to realize anything "foreign" in the relation. His altogether frank though modest revealment of his own spiritual history and present position was interesting, encouraging; doubtless to many in that company, it seemed a chapter out of their own life. He confessed his great indebtedness to American Unitarianism, particularly to Theodore Parker, and sketched his growth from the old Biblical Unitarianism of his father that was proven by texts and attested to by miracles, to the new Unitarianism that is based on natural law, made reverent by a sense of the in-dwelling God that is the potency in all things and all life, and the fellowship that is untrammelled by doctrine and unconditioned by thought, a religion based on the moral nature of man and making first, last, and always for character.

There were three glow-spots, and only three in the conference where spontaneous and unexpected eloquence fused the noble assembly into momentary forgetfulness. These were, first, the ten-minute speech of Booker T. Washington, the head of the Tuskegee colored school in Alabama. This son of the dusky race

> "Used no sleight
> Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
> Cleaving till out the truth he clove."

The second point was when Mr. Katashima, a young Japanese, in the quaintest of phrases and with pungent sense pleaded for a fellowship with his people, and for that improved missionary method that would help the native become the liberators and the leaders of their own people. If Japan is to be Unitarianized, it must be by Japanese. He showed us how it was the missionary privilege of the Americans to "touch the button and we'll do the rest." The third glow point was when Dr. Horatio Stebbins, of California, with his good nature and jolly ability, speaking for the West, swept the conference off its dignity in floods of laughter that carried the programme bell and all out of its proper routine for some twenty minutes. This is the only time the conference so far forgot the proprieties as to take the programme into their own hands and defy the bell.

The so-called "practical" parts of the programme were so elaborated and guarded that no discussions followed, and they proved for the most part dreary excellences, familiar commonplaces. The report of the chairman of the council was clear and to the point. He undertook to report the triumph and progress of Unitarianism for the last two years throughout the world. Transylvania, England, Sweden and Japan were noted, but there was no mention of what, in the light of history, past and prospective, was the most significant and important one event of the two years, viz., the raising of a ten thousand dollar memorial fund to Theodore Parker, by the Western Unitarian Conference, and the completion of the twenty-five thousand endowment fund by the same. Of course it was incumbent upon the secretary of the A. U. A. to note only the accomplishments and activities of the society he serves, and these warranted the pride and congratulation he gave expression to, but it was scarcely the thing to assume in a sweeping, confident way that such a report covered all there was to report of work in the United States. The entire activities of the various societies and missionary industries represented by the headquarters in Chicago were entirely ignored by all those who presumably spoke for the *national* field. Indeed, Chicago was not for the last two years known in the geography of the N. U. C. or of the A. U. A. The representative from the W. U. C., who was asked to bring "Recommendations from the Field" was informed with others that no "report" was wanted. Mr. Forbush and Mr. Chainey, who ignored this exclusion and gave facts made the most impression, deservedly so: people like to know of things done.

But this was only an unimportant incident in a reactionary wave which had its rise two years ago in Philadelphia, has burst upon the shore, broken, and is gone. It will not be so two years hence, although Chicago is still without a representative on the Council, which shows an obvious defect in the perspective. Yet Mr. Effinger's name was restored to its old place on the Committee of Fellowship, Mr. Hosmer was elected a member of the Council, Mr. Shorey acted as chairman of the business committee, Mr. Maxson as chairman of the nominating committee, and everywhere there was indication that our friends in the East are awaking to the realization that they, too, are interested in progressive Unitarianism, and that they will have no interest in an Unitarianism that does not face the future, that is not big enough to hold all the kinds of Unitarianism there are. The meeting at Saratoga showed how the best-laid plans, the wisest and kindliest attempts to ignore certain inevitable questions of thought and profitable strugglings of the spirit has failed, and that henceforth Unitarianism in America is again "open for improvements" and "subject to revision." The most significant event of the conference was the heroic way in which Rev. Mr. Payne, of Leominster, Mass., ventured to draw upon himself the fire of indignant opposition by introducing an amendment to the preamble and by-laws, which would bring this patch-work document more nearly up to date, and which would lift the reproach which has too long hung over the National Unitarian Conference, of enjoying a restricted fellowship, while through all these years it has boasted of its inclusiveness and its hospitality. But more significant than the introduction was the chivalrous way in which the brethren sprung to the defense of Brother Payne's right to do what he did, and the prompt rebuke given to the attempt to suppress or impeach the movement. Of this motion we will speak farther in our next.

Lowell, speaking of Cowley, before the Wordsworth Society, in 1884, said: "The Muse gave to him every gift but one; the gift of the unexpected and inevitable word." These words are applicable to the conference just closed. It had everything to be desired except spontaneity, elasticity, the extempore quality that like Saturn's rings, puts a glory around every carefully thought out and nobly prepared paper. The council and the business committee seemed to assume, unconsciously of course, that the conference belonged to them rather than they to the conference. In their great anxiety to suppress bores and to avoid mistakes and unprofitable debate, they did not dare give back to the conference any one of the living and vital questions which belonged to the conference, such as the establishment of a Quarterly Theological Review, the ritual question admirably presented by Mr. Brown, the Japanese question to the discussion of which Mr. Knapp's thoughtful paper was provocative, and the question of meeting in Chicago two years hence in response to the invitation of the World's Fair Auxiliary presented by Mr. Milsted, under the plea of "no time," "not ready for discussion," etc., etc. All these questions were referred to the in-coming council. Of course these ten gentlemen and ladies have admirable judgment, but their opinions on these matters could have been easily ascertained without the expense of a conference at all. But what of that large body of intelligent men and women, in which were a hundred or more younger ministers eager and ready to take a share in the settling of these questions. 'Tis true they all passively consented to these suggestions that came from the platform; indeed, there seemed to be an assumption that it was the business of the floor to keep still. If this great dread of a divided house, this suspicion of debate, these economic proprieties continue to control the spirit of the conference future sessions may be dispensed with. Let all the reports be printed and all motions and suggestions referred to the council by mail. But things are not to continue thus. We make these friendly criticisms because of our great interest and love for this magnificent body, than which, we believe, no more noble and disinterested gathering comes together at Saratoga, or any other point in our Union. If the conference at its *minimum* with so much of its young blood unutilized, a conference which at present, as another has said, "is so anxious to retain and secure the weak that it neglects the strong," is so magnificent and so inspiring, what will it be when it reaches its *maximum*, when it accepts its full mission of rationalizing religion and religionizing rationalism in America?

The *personnel* of this gathering deserves a word. On every side were men and women eminent in statecraft, in letters, in the professions, and in the humanities. There was Mrs. Livermore, a feminine Webster, plus the conscience of a Phillips; Edward Everett Hale, so much a representative-at-large that to claim him as a Unitarian seems almost an impertinence; Dr. Horatio Stebbins, of California, clearly the freest, easiest, wittiest, offhand talker of the conference on the platform; he comes nearer being the successor of Dr. Bellows than any man among us. And there was the tireless, faithful, petulant, ever-forgiven, because he is ever-forgiving, Brooke Herford, the sauciest saint that ever tried and charmed American Unitarianism, the man who is always reactionary in his talk and progressive in his work. Like the rider in the ring, he cries, "Whoa!" while he plants his spurs deep in the flanks of his steed. He says "no" and does "yes." How hard it has been to get along with him! How very much harder it will be to get along without him! How we will miss his genial scoldings and wait for the radiant face that will be as the rising sun to his old English companions in arms. He is going back to England. It is enough to make one wish for an English parish, just for the sake of being able to continue contending with so genial, inspiring and helpful an opponent. When he dies, Mr. Herford ought to go to a Christian Valhalla, where there will be eternal warfare with celestial weapons.

And lastly, there was the incomparable chairman, the, to our mind, foremost American, whose presence and gracious words would alone make the conference memorable, the occupant of the "Easy Chair," George William Curtis.

We understand that the coming issues of the *Christian Register* will contain the full text of the papers and addresses given at this conference, and that in due time they will be printed in pamphlet form. We hope our readers will secure these and read them. UNITY will have more to say about this conference anon.

Men and Things.

A PRIZE offered by the *Times* of Manchester, England, for the best composition on "The Best Book and Why I Like it," has been won by an American girl, Jessie Sudlow of South Carolina. She is only seventeen years old. She chose Scott's *Ivanhoe* for her subject.

BISMARCK'S witticisms are apt to be caustic. During his recent visit to Kissingen a conversation turned upon the disease of the ear that is said to afflict Emperor William, when the ex-chancellor put in with a laugh: "Admit that I am fortunate in not having the ear of the emperor."

MRS. ELLEN MOORE, of New York, has been in the undertaking business over forty years and has buried between five and six thousand bodies. She was elected an honorary member of the Funeral Directors' Association of Pennsylvania which held its tenth annual convention recently at Reading.

WE learn from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* that Prof. James Woodrow, D. D., the man over whose orthodoxy in teaching evolution there has been much discussion in the Southern Presbyterian church, has been elected president of the reorganized South Carolina college and professor of biology, geology and mineralogy. The election was unanimous, and fourteen out of the fifteen trustees were present.

EDWARD ATKINSON, statistician and social economist, is one of the best known men in the New England manufacturing districts, where he is looked upon as a sort of walking encyclopedia for boards of trade and a terrible fellow to refute the arguments of labor reformers. He is a good looking and robust old gentleman, with snow white hair and whiskers, and has a hearty magnetism of manner which insures his popularity.

THE New York *Sun*, reviewing Mr Thomas Hitchcock's "Unhappy loves of Men of Genius" (Harper's), says the lesson it teaches "may be that the ideal love of the man of genius, bred and fed by the imagination, is not likely ever to find satisfaction in matrimony. It can subsist only in the imagination; and that is the explanation of the frequency of unhappy marriages among men of genius. They loved not mortal women, but immortal divinities created by their poetic fancy. But the run of men are not men of genius. Those rare beings are scattered singly and at long intervals in the history of the race."

THE Old South Meeting House in Boston is likely to have a life-size portrait of Oliver Cromwell. Dr. E. E. Hale, with others, has taken the matter in hand and nearly one-half the money needed has already been promised. He writes us to say that he will receive any contributions, large or small, from any of the Puritans who read the *Advance*. The project is a good one. Cromwell, who is said to have "ruled England and loved New England," had a good deal more to do with the making, at least making possible, our own New England and American heritage of free institutions, than we are apt to appreciate. Boston's Old South Meeting House should be made the Westminster Abbey of New England, and no portrait looking down from its historic walls could be more appropriate than that of Cromwell.

THE *Musical Visitor* makes the complaint that "there are no less than 2,000 singers employed in the choirs of wealthy churches of New York who receive but one dollar a week for their services. About 1,000 are paid two dollars, and less than 200 receive four dollars a Sunday. This means attendance at morning and evening prayers, at least one rehearsal a week, and occasional work at the sociable or reunion, for which the chorister receives a plate of salad and a biscuit or saucer of ice cream and a lady-finger." It adds: "There is a great deal of money in religion, but it does not appear from the above facts that the choir has a very large share of it." Mlle. de Vere, whom it calls the Patti of church choirs, gets $100 a Sunday, which is unprecedented in the church world of music. We do not believe in a paid choir service under any but very exceptional conditions, but if we did we should share the *Visitor's* feeling that the remuneration should be as proportionately just in amount as for any other service rendered the church.

Contributed and Selected.

The Two Fishers.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

Copied by request from the *Christian Register of 1872.*

There were two brothers of Galilee,
Who dragged their nets in the tossing sea,
While their boat rocked to and fro;
They talked as they toiled, of a certain one—
Mary of Nazareth's wondrous son.
As he bent o'er the vessel's bow
Andrew said to his brother, low:—

"I saw him, of whom the prophet John
Hath said 'Another shall come ere long anon,
The Christ so long foretold',—
I saw this Jesus but yesternight."
"Ay, brother? Before the morrow's light,
We'll seek," cried Cephas the bold,
"This Christ of whom you have told."

Thus saying, up-glancing toward the land,
A manly form on the distant strand
By the fishers twain was seen,
Over the white beach pacing slow.
Then Andrew spake to his brother: "Lo!
This is even he, I ween;
'Tis Jesus, the Nazarene!"

And his hand on the fish-net lost its place
As the Master lifted his glowing face,
And, beckoning with upraised palm,
Called over the billows: "Follow me!
I will make you fishers of men," said he;
And his voice was clear and calm
As the sound of the temple psalm.

They stayed not to question, nor answered "Nay",
Those fishers, but left their nets straightway
And came to the Master's side.
Andrew and Peter they bent them low:
"Rabbi and Lord! Where thou dost go
There go we too!" they cried,
And turned from the dashing tide.

And who shall blame, if at first they dreamed
The Lord might be other than he seemed—
Might prove a prince of Earth,
A temporal king?—since there came a day
When they put the wild, vague dream away,
And, hailing his real worth,
Still followed, through pain and dearth.

Not to the triumph of camp or court
Did they pass with him from that old seaport,
Not to the rich man's feast;
But to homes the lowliest of the earth,
To scenes of sickness, and crime, and dearth,
Uplifting the sore oppressed;
By the lips of the sinner blessed.

Even so may I, too, follow thee,
Oh Master! whene'er thou call'st to me
Let me like these attend.
And if in times past I have denied
Thee, Lord, my Redeemer crucified;
Like Cephas in the end
Let me be proved thy friend!

Unconscious Education.

Public education is one of the most engrossing of the topics of the times. Books and methods, courses of study and mechanical appliances, division of labor among the schools—preparatory, collegiate and professional—are subjects attracting so much discussion that one seems almost forced to conclude that these must be the all-important questions for a man's welfare. But when we turn to some well-written biography, the chances are we find that this matter of formal education has played a very small part in the development of the individual, and that the real shaping forces have been rather such things as the home, the community, the social atmosphere, the near friends, the ideals or stimulus derived from intercourse with some strong or fine personality;—the *unconscious* educators, so to speak. The testimony of biography is generally in favor of Emerson's statement: "You send your child to the school-master, but 'tis the school-boys who educate him."

So, at least, it is with two fresh witnesses; the life-stories of James Freeman Clarke and of Robert Browning are very different for the most part, yet each derives much of its interest through its revelations of the nature and potency of these unconscious educators. The outer incidents in the lives of both of these men have long been known to us, but now we learn for the first time numerous facts o private and personal nature, and how very often these were the main springs of their movements. James Freeman Clarke was ten years old before he was sent to school, but he had had the great good fortune of companionship with his dear, old grandfather, James Freeman, all of those years. The list of his acquirements at that age, both in Latin, Greek and English is truly marvelous, but, he adds, "I was not aware that I was doing a great deal, for the study was made almost as entertaining as play."

There was no subject on which, in after life, Mr. Clarke loved more to talk than the skill with which he had been lured by his grandfather to learn Latin without being aware of it. But he has no like praise for the schools of his time. He attended the Boston Latin School at a distinguished period of its history, but thinks its discipline was an injurious one, and describes it as "a discipline of the power of cramming the memory with indigestible facts and sounds." Nor has he much to say in favor of the teaching at Harvard College while he was a student. But in both cases he thinks highly of the gains arising from pursuits outside of the curriculum: "What we did not learn in the regular course of study, we learned outside of it. What we did not acquire from books we taught each other. Each class was a little world, a microcosm. . . In class intercourse were struggles for precedence, underhand and open attempts to carry points, rivalries for popularity. What ardor we put into our small controversies, how we admired and extolled this or that leader in our little puppet-show world! It was not a bad preparation for life."

Friendship was another potent factor in directing Mr. Clarke's development—a fact which is not surprising when the list of friends included such women as Margaret Fuller, and such men as Frederic Henry Hedge, H. W. Bellows, W. G. Eliot and William Henry Channing. Together they read Coleridge and Goethe, a process which emancipated them speedily from the wooden philosophy of John Locke, over which they had been made to hammer as undergraduates. They left the divinity school pure idealists, sure of the real presence of God and sure that society was to be made over again within fifty years.

The Kentucky friends of Mr. Clarke's first pastorate were, though in a different way a great enlargement to his mind. An experience of a life which was in all points such a great contrast to the decorous life of Boston at that time, gave a new outlook and enlarged his horizon immensely, as he himself frequently testified.

Robert Browning is another instance of a child so happy as to be well-educated before being sent to school. On him was lavished from babyhood a rare amount of intellectual sympathy, the spontaneous outpouring of the heart of a father whose own scholarly tastes had been repressed in youth and gratified only late in life and under difficulties. He could always identify himself with his children, both in their amusements and their aspirations. The house was literally crammed with books, and in this library the youthful Browning "tumbled about," reading omnivorously, though not without guidance. The collection was especially rich in old and rare books; the young Robert learned to know each favorite author in the dress as well as the language of its own period; he became very early familiar with subjects generally unknown to boys. In due time, he was led to make the acquaintance of the Latin poets and the Greek dramatists; his own poem, "Development," in the *Asolando* volume tells how he came to know Homer.

That such æsthetic training should have developed early aspirations toward authorship was entirely natural. At twelve years, the boy had produced a volume of short poems called "Incondita," which both he and his parents were anxious to see in print. The fact that no publisher could be found to agree with them prevented its publication however, and the manuscript was destroyed by its author.

It was not until six years later that the choice of poetry as a profession was formally made. And here again we see how much the faith of his friends in him had to do with his career. An aunt, Mrs. Silverthorne, paid for the printing of his first poem "Pauline." All of the succeeding poems for many years, "Paracelsus," "Sordello," the whole series of "Bells and Pomegranates," were published at the father's expense though, strange as it seems, they brought no return to him. Browning afterwards declared that for this service he owed more to his father than to any one else in the world. The young man had been offered an appointment in the Bank of England, a position which had been held by both father and grandfather; but the elder Browning spontaneously rejected this as unworthy of his son's powers and kept up unfailing trust and readiness of support in the higher calling.

Scarcely less momentous was the encouraging kindness of Mr. Fox, who, as editor of the *Monthly Repository*, furnished the one favorable notice of "Pauline," among the English reviews. What this meant to Browning is shown by a letter which he wrote two years later, in sending Mr. Fox a copy of his next poem, "Paracelsus: "I hope my poem will turn out not unworthy your kind interest, and more deserving your favor than anything of mine you have as yet seen; indeed, I all along proposed to myself such an endeavor, for it will never do for one so distinguished by past praise to prove nobody after all." What a striking evidence is this of the dying: "The greatest want in life is a friend who will make us do the best we can." Poor indeed is the life which has not, at some time or other, felt the compelling force of a friend's faith, and rich does it become in proportion as it is surrounded by such inspiration. Without depreciating the schools we may still see that these are not the only or the chief of our educators; for it is the spirit that quickeneth, and greater than the power of books or methods is the power of men and women to call out in each other what is best in thought and in character.

ANNA B. MCMAHAN.

Living Manfully.

How common suicide has become! The papers are reporting, almost every day, that somebody has killed himself. Now it is a man who has met with business reverses, then a wife or a husband unhappy in family relations; again, the sense of having committed serious error, or of being lonely and friendless impels some to despair; or, it may be, that ill health and a feeling that one is useless and expensive in the world seems an intolerable burden; and just now we have an account of a little boy, but fourteen years of age, hanging himself in chagrin.

For those who, for whatever cause, have thus flung themselves out of existence, our sympathy and counsel are too late. But what does this readiness to throw life away betoken? It is sad and pitiful. What is it owing to? We would have compassion on the suffering weakness which has thus died—would speak no word nor think a thought of censure. At the same time we should recognize the moral feebleness and lack of tone betrayed by so wretched and fatal a breakdown, and fortify the points most exposed and vulnerable.

It evinces want of pluck, of *stamina*, to murder one's self. If we have failed once, we should try again. The failure was part of the training needed to ensure a final triumph. Life is a school; our blunders and humiliations are part of the discipline required to make us wise and strong, manly and womanly. It is childish to sulk and despair and throw away the book of life, because we can not learn the lesson at our first attempt, or at our twentieth. Let us be above that, and yet be ready to cheer and direct one another when any of us feel faint and ready to perish. We all need help continually, and we can have it by turning to the source within us—to God in the depths of our own souls. But until we have learned to do this habitually, we must look for help to our brothers and sisters; and when we have learned ourselves, we must still succor those who have not done so, and teach them the way to that strength.

> "Inward, impregnable, found soon as sought,
> Not cognizable of sense, o'er sense supreme."

This is to be relied upon when outside sympathy and human companionship are denied us for a season.

A minister of note in San Francisco, tells how a man once came to him, excited, trembling, with a gleam of wildness in his eyes, saying: "I must speak to somebody. I have heard you preach, and felt I could approach you. I am in great trouble and danger, and must speak to some one." Well born and liberally educated he had come to California with honorable purposes and high ambition, but had fallen under evil influences, committed great follies, gambled away his savings, and now, feeling his life a failure, had bought a pistol with which to shoot himself. "I have concluded," he said, "that there is no hope for so weak a fool as I. Now, sir, candidly, don't you think the best thing I can do is to blow out my brains?" "I should think," cried the minister, "that whatever may have been your follies, and however dark the future you have to face, you have too much manhood to sneak out of life by the back door!" That cry brought the man to his senses. The light struck him; he saw suicide as a cowardly and not an heroic act. The romance and glamour of it was gone, the self-murderer a poor creature, weak as well as wicked. "You should be ashamed of yourself," continued his new-found but faithful friend. "The knowledge gained by your very mistakes should be a guarantee against their repetition. A brave man never gives up!" He was saved, and has been for years a prosperous and useful citizen.

The lesson is for every one of us in the hour of defeat and gloom: "I will not seek my grave, please God, before I have earned it." Horace Mann said: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." And, let us add, be too manly and self-respecting to fly to drink or drugs to deaden sensibilities; but rather learn to suffer and be strong, as the athlete endures hardships while training for a contest. Let us accept no defeat as final, but resolve, with somewhat of Grant's immortal grit, to fight it out, charging or flanking the enemy as may best serve. If our path lies through the Wilderness, let us nerve ourselves anew to the toilsome tramping, and not forget to speak comfort and inspiration to one another as we go marching on. If it be more than a "six-days walk," it is but one day at a time. We can not always go as we please, but we can, by patient trust and courage, make it a march to victory.—*N. E. B., in Pacific Rural Press.*

Church Door Pulpit.

What is Liberty?

By Rev. H. Tambs Lyche.

I lately heard a sermon on "*liberty and law*," in which the preacher made the statement that some people *wrongly* think that liberty means the absence of all restraint, while in reality it does mean perfect obedience to law. He illustrated by showing how an Edison, for instance, accomplishes all his results by obedience to natural law, how all our freedom is gained by obedience to natural law,—then by ignoring all difference between natural and social, between God-made and man-made, between inward and outward law, the desired results and conclusion was reached, that true liberty follows perfect obedience to the laws of the land.

It all suggested to me and recalled the confusion of language, that surrounds this subject, and through which men try to justify and apologize for their struggles *against* liberty.

If liberty means anything at all, it surely means exactly freedom from all restraint, from all *outward restraint*. It is exactly the opposite of compulsion, restraint, force; and the anarchist who protests against all *human government* is the only consistent believer in and a worshiper of absolute liberty. The rest strangle one moment the goddess, whom they worshiped the moment before. Political and social liberty is synonymous with anarchy. The word has no other honest meaning, when we begin to talk of perfect liberty as being one with obedience to all social laws, we no longer mean perfect liberty, we mean something else, and had much better say so. . . .

—But can we not have liberty and law together then? Yes, we can have a certain degree of liberty with a certain amount of law and restraint and compulsion; but we can not have *perfect* liberty, while we have laws that need to be *enforced*. Force and liberty are to each other *as* black and white.

Liberty *is* freedom to do as one pleases. *Certainly*. And perfect liberty *is* the ideal thing. A humanity where no police is needed, no law-courts, no laws, where each one does what seems good in his own eyes, that is the ideal,—*when* at the same time humanity is so highly developed that *all will* do exactly the right thing, obey the *natural* laws,—have both wisdom and heart to do that, and when this perfect order and harmony prevail, based upon absolute freedom. That is the *law of liberty* which must prevail at last, which is the only law as well as the condition and characteristic of the Kingdom of God.

Anarchy is the Ideal, is the end. . .

But shall we labor for it *to-day*, shall we abolish all law and force, compulsion and restraint in our societies *to-day*, shall we demand and claim and establish absolute liberty *to-day*?

Folly only could think so. Of course not. We do not want perfect liberty, not one of Unity's readers wants it. We want a *limited* liberty, a liberty with hand cuffs and chains *for to-day*. We want the policeman's club behind our goddess. We want the club and the sword of law above liberty, mightier than it. We want force to stand above freedom, want so much of the latter only as can find shelter under the mightier arms of the former. We want *order* first and foremost, and we know in our hearts that to maintain it we need force. We dare not any of us believe thoroughly in freedom; none of us would put our trust wholly in it. We all trust in it to *some extent;* but around the corner we want to see the policeman's uniform, and from the City Hall we want to feel that an arm is stretched forth, which makes light of personal freedom,—the arm of the social law.

Let us be honest and use honest language. Let us not say, that we believe in freedom, in perfect freedom; but that people don't know what freedom really means; that it does not really mean freedom, but obedience to the laws of the land. . . . . What is the use of such language except to confuse and lead astray? Our attitude is right, it is the only attitude of sane men. We don't really want perfect liberty for all; we want its streams to flow between firm banks of social law. We want our liberty mixed with force, compulsion and restraint. And we are right; we are wrong only in not saying so in plain language, so every one who reads and hears may know what we mean.

Perfect and universal liberty to-day would mean return to primeval chaos, and I for one would fight it to the last breath, feeling I were fighting the battle of God and of human welfare. The North was surely grandly right when sword in hand it trampled under foot the constitutional liberty of one man to enslave another, when it fired such constitutional rights forever into the unknown and unexisting. When a parent refuses to send his child to school, I for one will unhesitatingly force him to do so, all liberty notwithstanding; but I am not going to do it in the name of his freedom, I am not going to justify it as an act in accord with perfect liberty. I will tell him that I would deprive him of his liberty a thousand times rather than let him deprive his defenseless child of knowledge and its light and blessing. I will do it, because *under the circumstances*. I consider it *right*, and because I *can*. And his groans of injured liberty will not affect me in the least.

I do not believe in absolute freedom. Nor does any reader of Unity,—not for to-day nor for to-morrow. We would not allow man or woman to take their own lives, if we could help it,—still less to take the lives of others. We none of us believe with Tolstoi in non-resistance to evil. We believe in resisting it unto death and beyond. We believe in law, in human justice, spite of all of its shortcomings, in magistrates, in officers and soldiers of order. We believe in the policeman's club; there is no use denying it. They all belong to the system of divine order of to day, for without them order would cease at once. We are not Anarchists except in our dreams and aspirations.

We want a limited liberty, a bounded liberty, a law-bound, force-surrounded liberty. We want as much of it, as the humanity of to-day can bear and rightly use, no more. We want society to-day founded partly on liberty and partly on force. We want a compromise between the two. Why deny it, when it is so plain that we do; why ransack dictionaries and the hidden chambers of speech to find terms and phrases that can veil our meaning and transform the policeman's club into the wand of liberty, and non-freedom into freedom.

We *want* limitations to liberty and as a whole no better limiting principle can be found perhaps, than that stated in the constitution—liberty except to encroach on the equal liberty of *others*. But most of us will go further still, and be willing to restrain the individual *to a certain degree* from injuring or harming himself. And even further we are willing to use a certain amount of compulsion to bring men to do that which we deem beneficial for them or for others, or on principle right. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand sane men and women are willing thus considerably to limit and enchain and bound liberty. And to me it seems that no other attitude can be called sane or deserve consideration.

But are we not on dangerous ground here? Such principles once admitted may they not lead us to the utter destruction of all liberty, to put compulsion and restraint in its place in all spheres of life? Yes, they may; they often do.

Statesmanship were an easy art did it merely consist in fidelity to one abstract principle. Children could rule and guide nations did it merely consist in either leaving each to do as he pleases, or in prescribing fixed rules and laws for the conduct of all, in anarchy or in tyranny, in perfect freedom or in universal paternalism. But the cost of statesmanship and government lies in finding the true and best proportioning of the two principles *for the time* and *for all the circumstances*. In our days at least the two principles must co-operate in the government of nations, but as they are materially antagonistic and to a certain degree materially destructive as to effects, the right combination of the two claims the highest wisdom, the insight which constitutes genius for statesmanship.

Usually the more advanced in a community are inclined to the principle of force. The conservatives of all laws are from the aristocracies of blood and brains of those lands. They trust more in force and restraint than in liberty and human nature, more in the working of outward law backed by clubs and swords, when necessary, than in the still workings of the inward law of God, which we call conscience, heart and reason. It is natural. There is *risk* in trusting to that inward law; one may obey it and another not. It is dangerous to give liberty to those who lack knowledge, wisdom, conscience. Who will deny it? Who can blame overmuch the conservative, who hesitates and withholds for the sake of order—of good government? And who can be too severe with the good man or woman who, feeling a thing to be right, would force all men and women to do it, would reach the end at the cost of sacrificing every atom of personal liberty? For the fanatic reformers who want to reform the world by force, the crusaders of reform, to whom nothing exists but the one end they have in view, are closely related to the conservative who approves all progress because he trusts not freedom and free men.

The liberal on the other hand is he who has faith in freedom because he has faith in human nature, in its divineness, in the law and voice and spirit of God within it. He may leap all bounds in his faith, disregard knowledge and fact and time and all the laws of growth and evolution and land himself and people in chaos. He may feel so strongly the religious nature in men that he cries: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will restore it; build a temple not made with hands, covering all the life of the people, where they shall worship Him who is Spirit in spirit and in truth." He may feel so strongly the bottom-goodness of human nature, that he cries: "Away with your laws and your courts, leave man to himself free, and the proper law of his nature, which is goodness, will assert itself and all be well." "It is only our laws and institutions that have thwarted human nature and made it act ill. Left to itself human nature is good; remove the outward restraints and compulsion and it will take on its proper shape and nature," said that noble teacher of the goodness of human nature, Mencius. He may feel so strongly the principle of order which pervades the universe, and is reason and right, that he says: "Away with your states and governments which merely hide from us the eternal order and law of nature, which merely blind men and weaken their sense of responsibility, and unfit them for listening to the voice of the inner law. Away with it all, and the common sense of men will make the right and the proper prevail in perfect harmony and order."

But he may also be wise, and to his faith in human nature as it can be and already largely is, is added the knowledge and recognition that it has not everywhere reached that point as yet; that some men are as yet but children, who must be *guided*, that some are rich in mind and can not be trusted without others to lead them. He will see in liberty the social principle, the first and governing principle. He will want as much of that as the men of the time and land can bear; he will want as little compulsion and restraint as possible, yet recognize the need of them to some extent and there apply them unhesitatingly and in their own names. He will realize that restraint and compulsion are conservative principles, only, at best; merely keep society in *status quo;* that liberty is the condition of progress and growth; that the former may hinder the evil in men from showing itself, but through freedom alone can men become good, obtain character;—that liberty strengthens the conscience and the character, throws the individual on himself, on the law of God,—while restraint and compulsion take the place of individual responsibility to the law of God, and thereby weaken character and conscience. He will realize that better is a society with much freedom and many crimes and errors and vices, (within certain limits which *wisdom* must set,) than a society where a strong arm of the law prevents crime, where the government is firm and wise and beneficent, where the people prosper in peace, order prevails and the outward show of happiness and of goodness may be found but where the individual has no sphere of freedom, no chance therefore of moving for himself,—no chance indeed of blundering and of sinning; but no chance either of finding true right for himself, the blessedness of the virtue, the triumph over temptation and wrong. Too much law and government produce a weak nation, a nation where the individual has no faith in himself and no ear for God's voice to him; it may make good subjects and good soldiers, (though that is not true either;) but men and manhood will be scarce. No, men must be trusted, in order to show the best there is in them. Men must have a chance to do wrong, if they are to grow strong in righteousness. Without freedom no nobleness, no manliness; so much freedom, so much true and noble manhood.

So, I judge the Liberal reasons. He will weigh, therefore, the two principles in each instance. He will want to go as close to absolute liberty as he dares; he will take no more of restraint and compulsion than the maintenance of decent order will demand, and he will seek to make even this necessary restraint and compulsion as little galling and unmarring as possible. Wherever possible there will be substituted free-will for force, education for law, schoolhouse for prison, church and the word of peace and good will for the policeman's club and the soldier's sword. He will labor to increase the amount of liberty from year to year as the people grow better able to bear and rightly use it. He will be careful of new laws and restrictions, for law is force. He will know that a nation's greatness and happiness is ever best measured by the amount of liberty which all the people can bear and use well. He will yearn for the day when more restrictions may be dropped. Freedom will be his guiding star, and force but the smoking oil lamp that guides through the night when no star is visible. As much freedom as possible, as little force as possible will be his ruling principle.

The principle is easily worded, but

complicated as life in its adaptations; And him we may perhaps style the highest and wisest sort of man, who in that spirit successfully guides on his people through and towards broadening liberty,—the *liberal statesman*. They were few in the past, but are many to come in strength in the days that are coming.

Life will not adjust itself to abstract theories. In all things there seems to be a golden *mean*—the "Path" of the Chinese teacher, and happy he who is able, who has the genius or insight of striking that mean, without surrendering principle, —of adjusting his mean to each new advance of humanity, of pushing forward as fast as is well, not faster and not slower.

But of the two, better overmuch faith in freedom, human nature and the law of God, than overmuch distrust in them with reliance on force, restraint and compulsion.

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Criticism and Fiction. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1891.

It is seldom that so small a book as this excites so much animosity, especially as its contents are not new, and at the time of their first appearance in the critical department of *Harper's Magazine*, were thoroughly overhauled. That the animadversion is even louder than at first is, perhaps, owing to the fact that Mr. Howells, after having been so severely punished, has not been a good boy and retracted the naughty things which he had said. This after-approbation smacks of the quality of the little boy who, asking God's forgiveness for the profane use of sacred language, enumerated the instances and then added, "But, O God! them's not the wust words I know, by a long shot." That any quick to take offense should have found occasion for it here is perhaps not to be wondered at, but even such an one, going to Mr. Howells' book to find out what is there, and not with a mere predetermination to find fault, might have found abundant matter for his commendation. The book is one of the daintiest that has appeared among us. Its twenty-eight untitled sections or chapters are selected from Mr. Howells' monthly contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, but they have so much unity that one could easily believe that the whole was "made by the mile and sawn off" (as sailors say of Chinese punks and other craft whose bows and sterns are much alike), to meet the regular demand. If the manner of saying a thing could recommend its substance to the reader, Mr. Howells' little essays would not have been criticised adversely to any great extent, for the manner of his putting things is full of charm. Some of the purists, however, we have noticed, have blamed his use of certain homely forms of speech which only yesterday were slang, and which the broadest of philologists would set down as colloquial if not vulgar. But Victor Hugo taught that slang was the best feeder of all language dying of classic inanition, and Lowell, our own greatest humorist, if not the greatest, since our Shakespeare died, was ever equally ready to help himself from below and from above, and it may be that writers of this standing are better judges than the average critic or philologist what words are good or bad.

With much that is admirable in Mr. Howells' comments on our critical writing, and which those who are engaged in this kind may well take to heart, we can not see that he eliminates the personal equation from his own judgments of books and men. That this should be eliminated he has no doubt. The critic has only to decide what is unpretentious and what is true. These being given we shall have good work. In another place, Mr. Howells seems to allow that a wide, popular and persistent judgment is not apt to be at fault. But his own judgments are not infrequently so alien to the most popular and persistent that they seem actually perverse, and to be inspired more by a passion for affronting ordinary verdicts than by the love of what is unpretentious and true. Such is his judgment of Balzac's *Pere Goriot* as not worthy to be named with his *Eugenie Grandet*, and that other which has given most offense —that from Jane Austen, we have a descending scale through Scott and Thackeray to George Eliot, while in Anthony Trollope we have the best since *Pride and Prejudice* and the other novels of alliterative names and parochial interest with which Miss Austin has delighted several generations.

Some of the best of Mr. Howells' insistence is on the point that new authors should be brought to the test of truth and life, and not to that of conformity with some established reputation. If one questions his irreverent dealing with some popular idols, there is something to admire in his generous appreciation of contemporary work. The younger novelists of America have little reason to complain, while a new essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," from some English hand might not be out of place. If any part of Mr. Howells' book smacks of some personal irritation it is his onslaught on the anonymous critic. There does not appear to be any such difference between the quality of anonymous criticism and that which is avowed as he so strenuously affirms. Either kind has the defects of its qualities. A gentleman does not forget to be one when he assumes the mask of the anonymous critic, and "assassins" are not radically changed by writing openly. There could hardly be a better test than a prolonged comparison of the acknowledged criticisms of the *Academy* with the anonymous ones of the *Spectator*. So far as fairness and courtesy are concerned it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. Meantime, if the anonymous criticism sometimes gets a prejudice of infallibility from the vagueness of its source, it is certain that it often wins for modest writers audience and praise, where an avowal of their names would insure their being skipped. We are too much the worshipers and slaves of names in every form of art. A worthless sketch of Daubigny's will bring ten times as much as a really beautiful picture by some young American, the purchaser caring as little for what he buys as for what he scornfully neglects. Tennyson can get a thousand dollars for a poem which if sent by an unknown writer would be returned with thanks, if the return postage had been duly sent along. Moreover, every critic has not Mr. Howells' assured position. He has no temptation to curry favor with publishers and authors, where a less distinguished critic might find such a temptation greater than he could bear.

The years are so few since nothing else was thought so characteristic of Mr. Howells as a lack of serious purpose, that there is something almost startling in the seriousness of his temper as it is here displayed, not to the astonishment of anyone who has attended to his course since Tolstoi took him in his snare. The advocates of "Art for Art's Sake," can not count him as one of them. "Neither arts," he says, "nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests; they are all lower than the rudest crafts that feed and house and clothe, for except they do this office, they are idle; and they can not do this, except from and through the truth." We had supposed the arts were justified by their making people happier—but let that pass. The expression of truth in life is, for Mr. Howells, realism in fiction. But even here his enemies have sometimes been too quick to blame. He wears his realism with a difference from those who like the realism of Zola. He likes that of Signor Verga as displayed in his "House by the Medlar Tree." That is to say that even realism must pick and choose. Mr. Howells' own is delightful when he is dealing with delightful things; intolerable when he is describing a cheap lodging-house. He is delightful, too, in dealing with such familiar things as certain railway stations and the elevated roads. But that is because he touches them with something of himself or sees the poetry in them with a deeper than the common eye. But is it so sure a thing that the best art reports the truth of things? That was Ruskin's thesis in his *Modern Painters* and Turner was his great example. Turner the idealist, the impressionist, *par excellence*, in landscape art! "You paint what you see" the London picture-dealer said to a young artist; "Successful artists paint what they do not see." Was he mistaken? Mr. Hamerton thinks not. Is painting then quite different from all the other arts; especially from the novel? Or may this also fail of success, and charm by a too literal adherence to the outward shows of things. A study of the best examples of our own and other times would seem to show that we must have both idealism and realism for a fine result, and that the realism must not be merely a predilection for the seamy and unsavory side of things.

Detached sentences in Mr. Howells' book would seem to make a solitude by banishing most of the novelists for whom mankind has cared, but take him in the gross he is not so inexorable. James Russell Lowell said to Charles Eliot Norton a few weeks before his death: "Not even Dumas entertains me." Such praise as that from such a source is high praise for Dumas. No matter if he merely entertains. Life is not so absurdly genial and hilarious that we may disdain the writers who merely entertain us, merely amuse us, or who like Dickens fire the *laugh* heard round the world. And Mr. Howells in his milder moments would assent to this. There is much short of the highest, he would say, which is still good in its degree. Only he would have us know that the best fiction is a true report of life, and that it helps to make life kindlier and better. Yes, if the true report is not a petty or a ghastly realism, and if the help is not obtruded over much. When the moral is implicated in the report, when, as in Shakespeare, the characters commend themselves to us by their intrinsic excellence, or repel us by their intrinsic hatefulness, and when realism becomes idealism by its happy choice of what is typical and impressive, then have we something admirable and worthy to endure; for example · In Mr. Howells' "Hazard of New Fortunes."

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Points of View. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 239. Price, $1.25.

The Birds Christmas Carol. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 66. Price, 50 cts.

Drops of Gold. Chicago; Eleve Publishing Co. Paper, 18mo. Price, 50 cts.

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1 Bulb **Star of Bethlehem**, (Ornithogalum) grand.
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BLESSED BE DRUDGERY—A sermon by W. C. Gannett, 2c. mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, Chicago.

Notes from the Field.

Oakland, Cal.—The religious home of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland was dedicated on Sunday, September 6. At the morning service the house was dedicated "to the worship of God," Dr. Horatio Stebbins leading in the prayer of dedication, and the pastor and congregation of fifteen hundred people uniting in responsive readings. "The Church of the Living God," was the subject of the sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston. The pastor, Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, submitted a statement which was followed by a collection of $12,050.30, liquidating entirely the floating debt of the church. In the evening, with hymns and prayer and appropriate responsive readings, the house was dedicated to "the service of man." At this service one thousand people were present and seven addresses were made by as many laymen, five from the Oakland church and two from the San Francisco church. Rev. G. R. Dodson, of Alameda, Rev. Thos. Van Ness and Rev. S. Goodenough, Universalist, were present, assisting in the services of the day. The first Unitarian Society of Oakland, organized in October, 1881, by Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, with two families, now numbers two hundred and fifty families and the cost of the new church is $77,500. UNITY sends hearty congratulations to pastor and people.

—The Unitarian Club of California, Hon. Horace Davis, president, held its annual meeting at the California Hotel, on Monday evening, September 14, *"at six o'clock sharp."* Rev. Minot J. Savage delivered an address on "The Religious Situation and the Duty of Unitarians." Mr. Savage spoke most impressively to the laymen on their duty to religion and the church. Rev. S. A. Gardner, of Fresno, and Rev. Geo. R. Dodson, of Alameda, were present as guests of the Club and took part in the discussion. One hundred and four were present out of a membership of one hundred and forty-eight.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference was held at the headquarters, 175 Dearborn St., on Tuesday, September 15th, at 1 P. M. There were present the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Mrs. J. Ll. Jones, Mrs. I. G. Temple, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, Mrs. E. A. West, Miss L. M. Dunning and Mrs. M. H. Perkins.

Letters were read from Mrs. M S. Savage, Mrs. F. G. Buckstaff, Mrs. Victoria Richardson and Mrs. J. C. Learned. The secretary's and treasurer's report was read and accepted.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

From subscriptions	$231.00	
" Cleveland Sunday Schools for Crow Indian Schools	4.82	
		235.82
EXPENDITURES.		
Postage and Stationery	$12.75	
Printing (Conference Number Unity)	5.00	
Secretary's salary for 1890	10.70	
Salary P. O. Mission Sec.	45 50	
		73.95
On hand	$161.87	

The Post Office Mission Secretary reported a hopeful outlook for work, but a probability of being hampered by lack of means. On motion of Mrs. Woolley, it was voted to appropriate thirty dollars for the Post Office Mission Secretary to use in providing material for her work.

On motion, Mrs. J. C. Learned, Mrs. Victoria Richardson and Mrs. M. H. Perkins were appointed to represent the Woman's Western Conference at Saratoga, the same three to be appointed delegates to the National Alliance if delegates are called for.

On motion the secretary was voted twenty dollars for work done during the summer.

It was voted to share expenses with the W. U. C., the W. U. S. S. and U. M. in sending a representative to the Conference at Saratoga to take charge of W. U. C. literature.

Mrs. J. Vila Blake was elected to fill a vacancy in the Board of Directors, caused by the resignation of Mrs. Dupee.

An informal discussion was held regarding the establishing of Lay Circles at suitable points. Much interest was displayed, and a decided feeling expressed that this was a profitable line upon which to work.

The meeting adjourned till such time as should be fixed by the president and secretary.

M. H. PERKINS, *Sec.*

Rockford, Ill.—Sunday September 6, was the twenty-first anniversary of the church of the Christian Union, of which Dr. Thomas Kerr is pastor, one of the local press says:

"Twenty-one years ago last September Dr. Kerr found himself outside of the prescribed limits of the evangelical faith, both in theory and practice. He was minded then to return to medicine, but a number of those who had heard him from time to time and who desired to remain untrammeled in thought and action, prevailed upon him to lead them in the path of undenominational religious freedom, promising him their united support and asking of him only that he promulgate the truth as he saw it."

"Three years ago the 17th of September the corner stone of the new church of the Christian Union was laid with imposing ceremonies. For a time, but that portion known as Unity Hall could be used. The main portion of the building was finished after a time however, and opened not long since with an interesting service. Since then the attendance at the services has been such that at times it has been impossible to accommodate all who have desired to attend. This is a certain indication that the seed sown by Dr. Kerr during the twenty-one years of his pastorate was not cast upon stony ground, but has fructified generously as the years went along. The society now is a large and properous one and is constantly receiving accessions to its numbers."

We send greeting to Dr. Kerr and his congregation, the faithfulness, and courage which have entered into the building up of this church in the past twenty one years, give promise of greater things in the years to come. The spirit of the society is well expressed in the *Rockford Daily Register-Gazette* of September 8, to which we are indebted for an interesting report of the anniversary exercises. Speaking of the work still to do the writer says, "What we want is to put ourselves in touch with the world still more—with these people who are unchurched because they will not attach themselves to creeds. Here are no ridiculous or absurd conditions. Let us keep in touch with advancing knowledge and with the world's ambitions. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder like an irresistible phalanx and move forward to the work that is before us."

Unity Club Lectures.—Occasional allusions to the work of Sydney Morse in his quaint half-out-of-doors studio on the banks of the Wisconsin River at Hillside have appeared in these columns from time to time. We are glad to add that the pen as well as the sculptor's tools have been diligently used by this artist during these busy months of rest. There is left in Wisconsin a large deposit of the preacher and essayist. He has been preparing for the lecture field material which our Unity Clubs should not fail to utilize. Mr. Morse's address until the first of January is Hillside, Wisconsin. The following lectures delivered with the hand as well as the tongue, appealing to eye and ear are announced:

I. *The Sculptor's Art:* Explained—Illustrated by the modeling of a Clay Bust. The Plaster Cast. The duplicate in Marble or Bronze. Rapid sketches with charcoal showing the proportions of the human face, the progress from youth to age, and different expressions and types of character.

II. *Memories of Emerson:* This lecture is my impression and remembrance of the poet of Trancendentalism; his personal appearance and characteristics, with illustrative anecdotes.

III. *Carlyle and Emerson:* Sad and hopeful prophets of their time. Their messages from the Unseen.

IV. *Lowell—Holmes—Whitman:* Remembrances and Readings. *Sketches.*

V. *The Anti-slavery Epoch:* Garrison and Phillips, and their compeers. *Sketches.*

VI. *Mary Bourke Coghen's "New Plan":* Her solution of the labor question. A story that is mostly biographic. *Sketches.*

VII. *The New World:* Problems of Democracy from the standpoint of the Idealist.

Boston.—The Sunday School Society will issue the new class lesson sheets written by Rev. C. J. Dale. The first can now be ordered at five cents each,

—Rev. Brooke Herford and Rev. C. G. Ames, reopened their churches September 20

—The Unitarian Temperance Society has just published two tracts, to be had at the A. U. A. Rooms; one on drinking liquors, one on cigar-smoking.

—The A. U. A. at the meeting, September 8, voted $375, Wichita, Kan.; $1,700, Ann Arbor; $800, Rev. Bjorn Peterson, Winnipeg, Manit.; $1,200, Rev. Kristofer Jansen; $500, Winona, Minn.; $600, Des Moines, Ia.; $50, Gilmanton, Wis.; $25 monthly, Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, Luverne, Minn.; $500, Rev. J. L. Doughit's, So. Illinois; $600, West Superior, Wis.; $500, Fargo, N. Dak.; $60, Mrs. Leslie W. Sprague; $300, Monmouth, Ill.; $100, Rev. W. G. Todd; $200, West Duluth, Minn.; $500, Lincoln, Neb.; $300, Decorah, Ia.; $300 Kendallville, Ind.; $600, Unity Church, Cincinnati, O.; $500, Colorado Springs, Col.; $400, Underwood and Fergus Falls, Minn.; $900, Rocky Mt. Conference; $300, Minnesota Conference; $400, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; $300, Moline, Ill.; $3,000, Rev. T. B. Forbush.

Janesville, Wis,—The Janesville *Daily Recorder* of September 11, contains the following:

The Rev. Sophie Gibb, the new pastor of All Souls church, is now comfortably settled in the house next to the church, where she will be glad to receive the church attendants and other friends. The Rev. S. F. Gibb is at present preaching for the Universalist church at Whitewater. The following from the *Decatur Morning Review* will be of interest to the new friends of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs in this section of the country:

Revs. S. F. and Sophie Gibb will leave this morning for their home at Janesville, Wis. Their departure from this city will be witnessed with regret by all our people. Not only in the church of which Mrs. Gibb was pastor, or in the society of which Mr. Gibb was a member, are their friends to be found, but in all classes. Mr. and Mrs. Gibb are both erudite and thoughtful pulpit orators. They are recommended to the community to which they go as being valuable acquisitions to the literary and intellectual circles.

St. Cloud, Minn.—The Sunday Calendar of Unity church, St. Cloud, for September, gives the topics of sermons for each Sunday of the month, morning and evening. The general topic of the evening discourses is "The Development of Christianity,"—subdivided as follows; The Law of Religious Growth, The Development of Belief, The Development of Morals, The Development of Faith. We learn that the new church home is nearly ready for dedication.

Illinois Unitarian Conference.—The secretary of this conference, Rev. Lewis J. Duncan, reports two new Sunday Circles, formed in the last two weeks, one at Ottawa, La Salle County and one at Wenona, Marshall County. The latter place was at once supplied with "Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles," published at 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, and proposes to go ahead independently of a minister from Sunday to Sunday. Mr. Duncan, who is pushing his work energetically, returns to Ottawa September 21, to strengthen and perfect the organization at that point. Let the good work go on. We have friends waiting for us at many points whose needs may in a measure be met by the Sunday Circle.

Eau Claire, Wis.—The annual meeting of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference will be held at this place October 26 to 29. A large attendance is hoped for. The members of Unity Church offer the hospitality of their homes to all who can come, and that the necessary arrangements may be made in advance, request them to send their names as early as convenient to Mrs. Martha C. Keyes, 1218 State Street, Eau Claire, Wis.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—We are in receipt of a monthly announcement slip from Unity church, Grand Rapids, Mila Frances Tupper, pastor, giving morning and evening topics for the month of September. On the evening of Sept. 27, Miss Tupper begins a series of lectures on great novels, including Felix Holt, Les Miserables, Marble Faun, Tale of Two Cities, Romola and others.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Henry T. Secrist, of the Divinity School of Harvard University, began his labors as pastor of the Unitarian church of Milwaukee, September 1st. For several years Mr. Secrist has spent his vacations in the West and we are glad to bid him welcome to a Western parish.

Grand Haven, Mich.—Rev. H. T. Root, recently of Hinsdale, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian church of Grand Haven. Mr. Root entered upon his new field of labor the first Sunday in September.

Moline, Ill.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin preached in the Unitarian church, Moline, September 20. She called at the Chicago Headquarters *en route* to Elmira, N. Y., to meet an engagement for the 27th of September.

Greeley, Col.—The First Unitarian Society of this place has called to its pulpit Mr. R. E. Blount, for two years a student at the Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Blount has accepted the call and entered upon its duties.

Geneva, Ill.—Rev. L. J. Duncan, State Secretary, preached here September 27.

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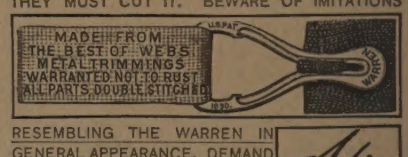

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Buffalo Express:—One must go far before finding more incentive to break loose from the habit most of us have of letting other people do our thinking for us, than there is in LIBERTY AND LIFE. Its author is earnest, honest and interesting.

Albany Argus:—The style is clear and forcible, and the author shows himself abreast of modern thought.

Oberlin Review:—If there is any helpful inspiration to be given by one who denies the personality of God, and adores "the working force of the Universe," of which "man is the factor," in his stead, this book gives that inspiration.

Baltimore American:—While there are very many poignant truths in this work, there are many views advanced which to the young, undeveloped mind, may prove dangerous.

Saturday Herald:—Mr. Powell writes with power. He has a clear, strong style. He is a man of war, but as he says, he does not fight religion, only theology.

Literary World:—Strong, even, bold essays on ethical and religious subjects. They are the work of a man of vigorous intellect who has studied the doctrine of evolution long and carefully, and has not found it necessary to abandon all his old reverences. The discourses are full of interest to the casual reader by reason of their fund of anecdote and biographical citation, and to the seeker for religious and moral truth they offer many helps.

Christian Register:—The title of this collection of discourses well expresses the elements they reveal. They ring with liberty and are surging with life. Though the author has a deep philosophy, he is careful in his sermons not to sink into the depths of profundity, or, on the other hand, to preach over the heads of his hearers. His terse, direct, ringing sentences strike home.

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Sun.—Men do not disbelieve their Christ, but they sell him.

Mon.—Every duty we omit, obscures some truth we should have known.

Tues.—Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts.

Wed.—You will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues.

Thurs.—By right discipline we can increase our strength.

Fri.—Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.

Sat.—It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

—*Ruskin.*

The Jealous Cockatoo.

We have a Spanish cockatoo
On crackers he is fed;
He'll stick his bill between the bars
And let us stroke his head.

Indeed, he likes us all so much
He'll never scratch or bite,
But lay his beak against our cheeks
With infinite delight.

But lately he's been looking sick
And moping in his ring;
Alas, he will not notice me
Nor will he eat a thing.

He seems indignant, glum and sad,
He's distant and reserved:
He's even haughty in his gloom
And totally unnerved.

He thinks we have another pet
And can not stand the shock—
He thinks the cuckoo is alive
In our new cuckoo clock.

—*R. K. Munkittrick.*

Pet.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Pet used to go to Sunday-school that spring, and it filled the dear little head with many puzzling ideas. One lovely evening she came in as usual and perched herself upon my lap. "Was God 'fraid of the Devil, don't you think?" she began. "'Cause he must have hated to burn him awful. Do you thing God'll burn us, too, if we ain't good? Miss Moss says so. I sh'd think it 'u'd make him feel awful bad to do it. Don't you think he hates to? 'Nd why don't he make us not *be* wicked, 'n' then he would n't have to burn us? D'you know," here the little voice sank almost to a whisper, "D'you know, I just think maybe God's better'n Miss Moss thinks he is."

A week later, when Miss Moss' ill health caused her to give up the class, I accepted the post, conscious of possessing not a single qualification for the place except the one desire to drive the dreadful nightmare from the child's sweet soul.

We had queer times in that class. I fear our good superintendent would have complained of lack of spirituality had he heard us; but I think the children liked it. We had a secluded corner of the gallery where the little things, could express their infantile opinions unmolested. The sole things insisted on were that God is always good and just, and I sometimes thought the premises led the children to more logical results than older speculators have reached.

The months whirled quickly by. It was a Sunday afternoon of the spring term. I had just returned from a day at home, and after watching the carriage drive away, I took up my book and retired to my customary seat, well knowing that Pet would be on hand as soon as her early supper was over. Roused from my book by the clock striking six, I sought the kitchen to inquire: "Jennie, where's Pet?" "Pet? Pet was taken sick last night and she's flat on her back, I reckon. The doctor says it's brain fever," was the reply.

Three minutes sufficed to step down the street to the dingy little cottage with the broken gate where Pet's aunt lived. A neighbor woman answered my rap, and to my hasty inquiry replied that Pet was "pretty bad." The doctor had just been there and thought Pet could not live till midnight. Would I go in and see her? She was very stupid-like.

I entered the darkened room, and there, across a dreary waste of ill-smelling cups and bottles, I beheld the frail little form. The eyes were closed, the breathing heavy and the hands were tossed involuntarily to and fro. The great blue eyes, (larger than ever, now they seemed) opened when I entered. "It's my teacher," she whispered, very, very faintly. For a moment she clasped my hand and lay quiet. Then the tossing began again. Another quiet moment, "Pet's so tired, Sing to Pet. Sing 'Whiter than Snow.'"

A very unmusical voice sang, or rather wailed a verse or two, and then choked out altogether. Then delirium came in again, and the husky little voice rambled on about "Papa" and "coming home."

Gradually the heavy breathing became heavier, the frail form grew too weak to toss, and the little hand clasping mine tightened its grip. "Pet wants water," came from the husky voice. The parched lips were moistened. It was all that we could do.

Slower and more irregularly came the labored breaths. Once she raised a little and murmured something incoherent about papa; then the heavy breathing paused—went on again; another pause, then three short breaths, and the little white soul had gone home.

Two days later we buried her. There was no school in the village that day. To be sure Mrs. Jones declared that "Them teachers like a holiday better'n the youngsters." Nevertheless there was no school.

They dressed Pet in a pretty white robe and, as she lay against a bank of sweet flowers, she looked very like the embodiment of some divine thought, too subtle and sweet for language.

People seemed to wear sober faces that day; the trees hushed their rustling and swayed slowly, almost thoughtfully as we passed by; the sun hid his face behind a crêpe-like fleece; the little birds chirped mournfully as if they were saying good-bye to a dear friend; and even the river seemed to ripple more slowly by the mill, and to repeat sorrowfully "Pet is gone."

A. E

A LITTLE innocent misunderstanding is sometimes very useful in helping one over a hard place. "Mabel," said the teacher, "you may spell 'kitten.'" "K-double-i-t-e-n." said Mabel. "Kitten has two i's then, has it?" "Yes, ma'am, our kitten has."

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Second Year of The Six Years' Course.—Some Religions of the Older World.

The Sunday-School.

II.—THE RELIGION OF BABYLONIA.

REFERENCES for Religion of Babylonia:
The Religion of the Ancient Babylonians, The Hibbert Lectures.—A. H. Sayce.
The Beginnings of History—Francois Lenormant.
Babylon Life and History,—E. A. W. Budge.
Oriental Religions, Persia,—Samuel Johnson.

LESSON IV.

1. Describe the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

2. Learn all you can of the regions known as Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldæa and Accadia.

3. What relics or ruins remain of the nations of which Babylon and Nineveh were the great cities?

4. The age and date of these civilizations, as learned from the records on clay (Babylonian) or on stone (Assyrian) which have come down to us.

NOTES.

The two rivers inclose between them a fertile plain, or "island," once very populous, 700 miles long and from 20 to 250 miles in breadth, which was called *Mesopotamia*, or "mid-river-land."

Chaldæa proper was the region of the lower Euphrates, near the Persian Gulf.

Babylon and **Nineveh** the two great capitals, not so far apart as Chicago and St. Louis.

A river civilization like that of Egypt or China, but in each case independently developed. Their alphabets, theology, and astronomy equally distinct. Yet statues and stones are found upon the banks of the Euphrates like those found upon the banks of the Nile,—brought from the same quarries on the peninsula of Sinai. There Accads and Egyptians sometimes met.

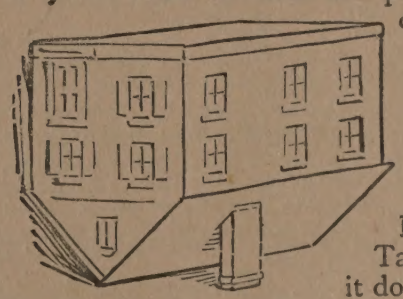
"**Assyrian** and **Babylonian** differ only as two English dialects differ: and are therefore known by the common name of Assyrian; and it was from Babylonia that the Assyrians derived their system of writing and the greater part of their literature, their religion and their laws."—*A. H. Sayce.*

Besides slabs from the palaces of the Kings of Assur, **vast mounds** containing interesting relics are found upon the plain of the Euphrates.

The mighty ruin of a colossal building, to be seen at Borsippa, has been supposed to be the Tower of Babel.—*Bible for Learners*, 1, pp. 87–94.

"Turned Upside Down"

Is your home in this sad plight—many are and house-cleaning does it. Cold meals and no comfort, sour tempers and aching backs, hard work and too much of it, tired women and "mad" men—all from house-cleaning. And it's all needless. Don't make such a fuss over it. Take a little *Pearline*, and have it done easily, quickly and quietly. You'll have it done better, too—*you won't have to rub the paint off to get the dirt off.* You can save half your labor and half your time, if you'll clean house with *Pearline*—and everybody in the house will be thankful for it. Millions use nothing but *Pearline* for washing and cleaning



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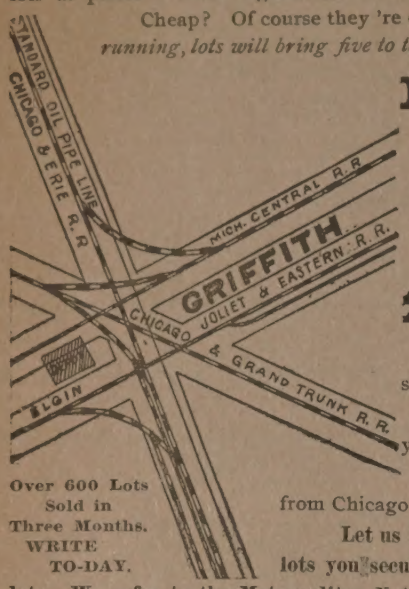

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I closed this column last week with a word on the lesson leaflets being reprinted by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society from the seventh page of each week's UNITY. Other schools intending to use the lessons should order promptly, as the early numbers of the series may soon be out of print. Since last week we have had orders from Humboldt, Iowa, and St. Paul.

The society is also preparing to publish a new manual by Miss Juniata Stafford, entitled, "The Ethics of School Life." This will be the manual for the second year in the Study of Duties in the Six Years Course. An edition will also be printed without the Unitarian imprint, as it is believed that the little book will be helpful for teachers in public schools as well as in Sunday-schools. The manual will be ready in a few days, and either edition will be mailed on receipt of fifteen cents, or $1.25 for a dozen copies.

The little volume of "Unity Services for Sunday Circles," combined out of "Unity Mission" tracts 11, 13 and 28, with the addition of the choral pages from "Unity Hymns and Chorals," is amply justifying its existence by its valuable service to embryo churches. An order has just been received for this book from a newly organized People's Church in Washington City. I am particularly glad to call attention here to this book because it is not my own publication, and I can do so without being thought to speak from interested motives. If you have no church send sixteen cents to Miss L. M. Dunning, UNITY office, for this book, and a copy of the tract "SUNDAY CIRCLES," and see if they do not show you just how to start a church of your own without a minister.

The growth of my book publishing business has obliged me, for lack of room, to give up carrying a stock of outside books for sale, with the exception of the books of George H. Ellis, of Boston, with whom I have a "reciprocity" arrangement. I am always glad to send catalogues of Mr. Ellis' books and my own upon application. I still have a few other books on hand, which I am anxious to close out at once, and I will give here a partial list. The reduced prices marked *net* are offered to all UNITY subscribers, and to them only.

"Channing's Works and Life," two large volumes, each $1.00 retail, 70 cents net, postage 25 cents.

"Memoir of Ezra Stiles Gannett," $1.00 retail, 70 cents net, postage 20 cents.

"Noyes' Translation of the New Testament," $1.50 retail, $1.05 net, postage 13 cents.

"The Birth of Jesus," by Rev. Henry A. Miles, D. D., $1.00 retail, 50 cents net, postage 7 cents.

"Fundamental Problems," by Dr. Paul Carus, of the *Open Court*, $1.00 retail, 70 cents net, postage 9 cents.

"Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought," by F. Max Mueller. Retail 75 cents, net 50 cents, postage 7 cents.

"The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms." By Alfred Binet. Retail 75 cents, net 50 cents, postage 6 cents.

"Hours with the Evangelists," by Dr. I. Nichols. Boston: 1860–1867. Two volumes, retail $3.00, net $1.80, postage 27 cents.

"Letter and Spirit," by Richard Metcalf. Retail 60 cents, net 40 cents, postage 6 cents.

"Letters to Young Women," by Dr. William G. Eliot, of St. Louis. Retail 60 cents, net 50 cents, postage 6 cents.

"The Old Farm Home: A Shadow of a Poem," by Abbie M. Gannett. Retail 75 cents, net 45 cents, postage 5 cents.

"A Memorial Volume of Sacred Poetry," by Sir John Bowring. Retail 90 cents, net 65 cents, postage 5 cents.

"Christian History: The Middle Age," by Dr. J. H. Allen. Retail, $1.25, net 90 cents, postage 10 cents. By the same author, at the same price, "Christian History: Modern Phases," and "Fragments of Christian History."

"The Teachings and Acts of Jesus of Nazareth." A literary curiosity; being the King James version of the New Testament, with a new translation for the word "righteousness," and certain other words and phrases introduced wherever they occur, with a lengthy preface. Only two copies, book out of print, net price 30 cents, postage 7 cents.

"The Safe Side; a Theistic Refutation of the Doctrine of the Divinity of Christ," by Richard M. Mitchell. Cloth, octavo, 385 pages, retail $1.50, net $1.00, postage 13 cents.

"Memoir of William Henry Channing," by O. B. Frothingham. Retail, $2.00, net $1.45, postage, 14 cents.

"Out of Darkness into Light," from the journal of a bereaved mother. Retail $1.00, net 75 cents, postage 6 cents.

"Martin Luther and Other Essays," by Dr. F. H. Hedge. I have still over forty copies of this handsomely printed volume, which retails at $2.00. I have been offering it as a premium with a new subscription to UNITY, and this offer will hold good until the copies are all gone, but I wish to close them out at once, so will sell them to UNITY subscribers at *50 cents each*, postage 12 cents.

Also the two volumes of Sunday-school Stories, heretofore advertised, publisher's price $1.00 each, I will offer at 25 cents each, postage on the two 15 cents; in other words I will send the two volumes postpaid to any UNITY subscriber for 65 cents.

Many of the books named above are all sold with the exception of a single copy, and it will be necessary to order at once to make sure of the reduced price.

I have been somewhat delayed in the preparation of the new book alluded to at the end of the Publisher's Notes in UNITY of two weeks ago, and the detailed announcement of the book will come later.

C. H. K.

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The Nineteenth Annual Exhibition of this organization opened September 16th, and closes October 24th. The great building has been completely and fully decorated, and all available space allotted to intending exhibitors, for what promises to be the most complete and magnificent exhibition in its long history. The Cook County Agricultural and Horticultural Society with a prize list running into the thousands of dollars have undertaken a floral display that has never been equalled in this country.

In the building will be also exhibited an exact reproduction in miniature of the Buildings and Grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition, with magnificent electric effects; covering as it does a space of 5,000 square feet, it is one of the wonders of modern mechanical art, and will be worth a journey to see.

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